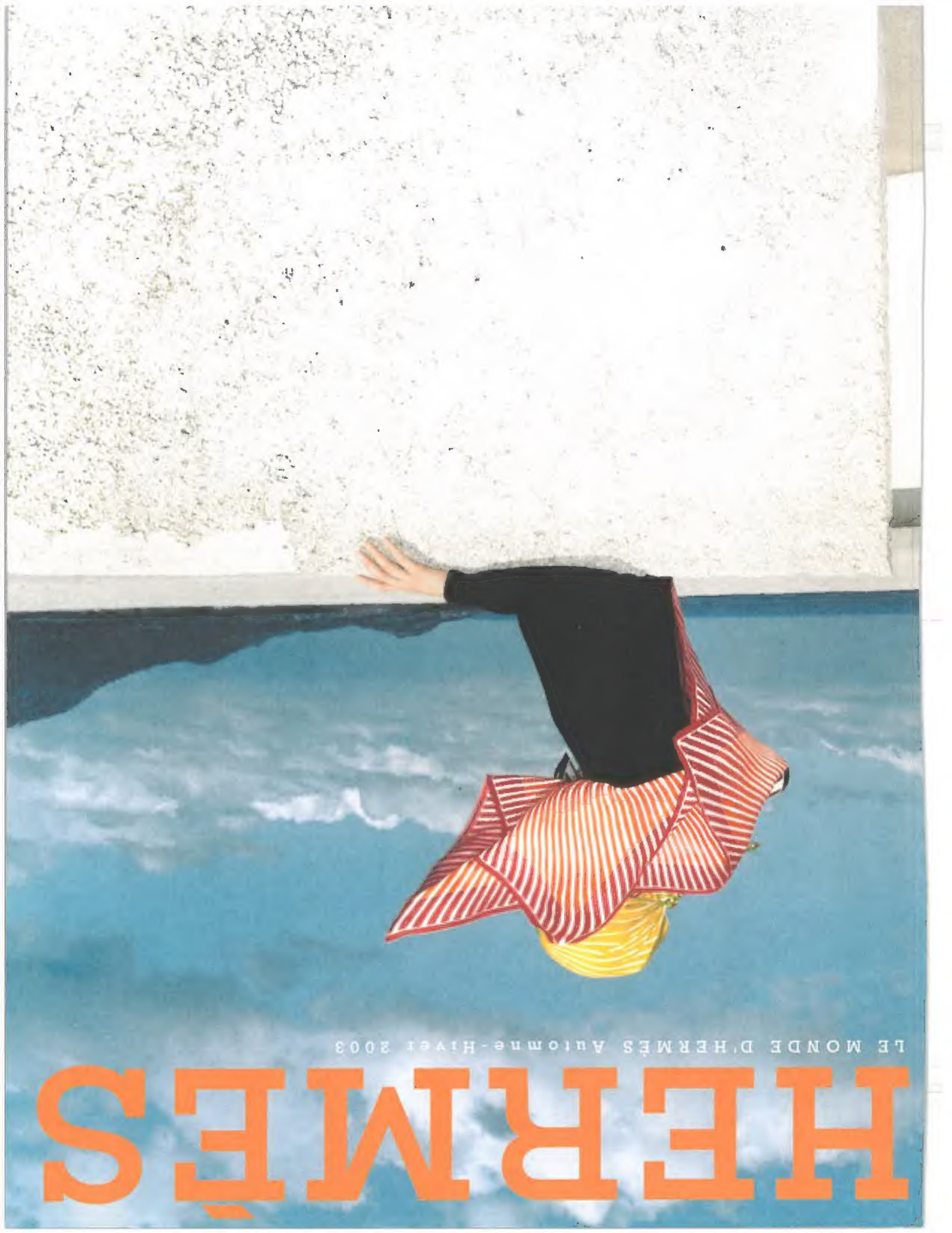


LE MONDE D'HERMÈS Automne-Hiver 2003

# HERMÈS









For our thousand years of civilisation beacon from the shores of the Mediterranean to all who prize the finest fruits of beauty, pleasure and spiritual grace. The "sea of the middle earth" has seen and survived it all: from natural catastrophes to historical cataclysms, it has been borne ahead by victorious rhythms that honour humanity and its capacity for progress.

I once had the good fortune to meet Iorgos Psychoundakis, a venerable Cretan who, ever since his youth, had practised the family profession

of travelling storyteller. Like his father, like his grandfather, like all his ancestors, he was deeply conversant with the myths and legends of Greece and, stage by stage, would go reciting the entire *Iliad* and all the *Odyssey* in far-flung mountain villages.

The movement of his lips took me back along the chain of generations. I saw the living face of Homer, heard the bard's persuasive tones.

The word, speech -- that is man's true treasure. As a maritime zone of exchange, the Mediterranean remains, above all else, the element that did so much to further the role of *words* in philosophical debate, political discussion, familiar conversation and commercial negotiation.

The chain of generations is robust precisely because it is held together by a humanism based on tolerance, respect, eclecticism and intellectual curiosity -- in a *word*, on dialogue. Its strongest link is listening to the other. This Mediterranean speciality is every bit as precious as the olive tree.

*Jean-Louis Dumas*  
JEAN-LOUIS DUMAS-HERMÈS  
CHAIRMAN AND CEO







WITHOUT COMPROMISE

LOUIS ROEDERER  
CHAMPAGNE

DOUBT, EMBRACING EACH DAY WITH PATIENCE

DO, ALWAYS SEARCHING, NO STRANGER TO

THE EXCEPTIONAL BECAUSE NOTHING LESS WILL

CULMINATION OF ALL ENDEAVOUR, SEEKING OUT

OF PERFECT HARMONY WHICH MARKS THE

SUSTAINING EACH EFFORT UNTIL THAT MOMENT



"It makes my dreams visible."

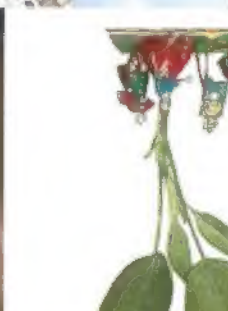
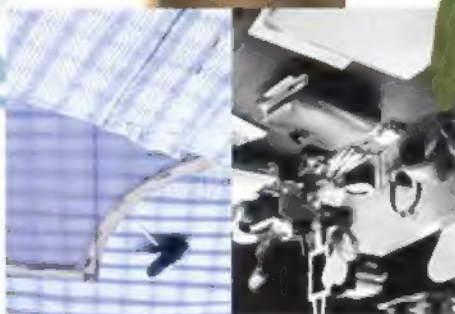
Hands: Michel Comte, photographer  
Tool: LEICA MP

my point of view





- 3 EDITORIAL  
8 AUTUMN-WINTER SCARVES:  
SKIES WITH SILK LININGS  
18 MEDITERRANEAN INSPIRATIONS  
BY JEAN GRENIER  
22 THE EMILIE HERMÈS COLLECTION:  
CAPRICCIO BOTANICO  
32 AUTUMN-WINTER ACCESSORIES:  
DIARIES AND SMALL LEATHER GOODS  
40 WOMEN, AUTUMN-WINTER:  
SILENCE... ACTION!  
62 REPORTAGE:  
"THE SHIRT" (DETAIL)  
68 JEWELS:  
SIMPLY SENSUAL  
76 OVER TO YOU: HOLLYWOOD  
ON RIVIERA BY MALIKA FERDOUKH  
78 AUTUMN-WINTER ACCESSORIES:  
FAMILY TREES  
88 ENCOUNTERS  
92 MEN, AUTUMN-WINTER:  
FUCHSIA ETC  
106 INVITATION: PLEASURES OF  
THE MOMENT BY VINCENT MIGEAT  
117 PRODUCT DETAILS  
128 HERMÈS AROUND THE WORLD



Cover: the silk scarf as streamer. A gust  
of wind and it's airborne. The elements  
play with the material and gleefully  
set it in motion (photo Christoph Sültem,  
styling Delphine Treanton).

Autumn-Winter 2003

LE MONDE D'HERMÈS





SUN SCARF (DESIGNED BY FRED MAWLEEN)



*Sun. Endless sands. Alone with the sky. After the storm, the fiery sun.*

PHOTOS CHRISTOPH SILLEM. STYLING DELPHINE TREANTON. TEXT JULIETTE ANDRÉ

# Skies with Silk Linings

Autumn-Winter 2003



*Free as the Air*. Misses that float, airy and free. Take the boat, sail out to sea.



FREE AS THE AIR SCARF (DESIGNED BY ANNIE FAIVRE)





*Sequences.* The waves flap and almost dance their sublime sequences in mid-sky.



*Under the Orange Trees.* Sudden sharpness under the shady leaves of flame-veined orange trees.





*Run before the Wind II.* Sails unfurled, zephyrs blowing, boat quivering. Fair wind.





*Bubble Ball.* Bubbles on board, shiny baubles, dancing marbles, ebullient bubbles.



BUBBLE BALL SCARVES DESIGNED BY DIMA RYBALTOCHENKO





*Boogie Woogie.* Get the rhythm, hit the groove, move to the boogie-woogie.



*Wild Skies II. Watch the sky. Fire sounds. Giant balloons. Celestial follies.*









# Mediterranean inspirations

BY JEAN GRENIER

JEAN GRENIER (1898-1971) WAS A WRITER, ESSAYIST AND TEACHER OF PHILOSOPHY (IN ALGERS, HIS PUPILS INCLUDED THE YOUNG ALBERT CAMUS) HIS THOUGHT IS INFUSED WITH THE SOLAR WARMTH AND PURITY OF THE GREEK LATIN TRADITION. THESE QUALITIES ARE EVIDENT IN THE FOLLOWING LINES, TAKEN FROM *INSPIRATIONS MÉDITERRANÉENNES* (ÉDITIONS GALLIMARD), AN ATTRACTIVE LITTLE BOOK THAT HE PUBLISHED AMIDST THE TORMENT OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

To live elsewhere! All young men start out with that dream. Do they think their wishes will come true elsewhere? That place as such can bring happiness and love? Such questions leave them cold. The privilege of youth is to be its own justification. It believes because it exists and has no need to justify what it believes.

"If I show her to you", said Don Quixote to the merchants who insisted that before acknowledging Dulcinea as the most beautiful of all women they needed to see her, "if I show her to you, then what will be the value of admitting such an obvious truth? The important thing is that you should believe in it and confess it without seeing her, that you should affirm and swear to defend it."

And so it is with this undirected adolescent élan. If there is no escape, life stops. What a joy just to know it is possible! I myself only started living when I learnt that there was something else, something different from all the things surrounding me – suffocating me, I should say. [...]



We all have our own indefinable mixture of sky, earth and water. This is our climate, and for each one of us it is different. As we approach it, so our steps grow lighter, our heart breathes freely. It is as if silent Nature were suddenly bursting into song. Things seem familiar to us. In romance, we speak of love at first sight. Well, there are landscapes that make our hearts race, that set off delicious doubts and languorous pleasures. There is a friendship with the stones of the harbours, the lapping of the water, the warmth of the ploughed fields, the clouds at sunset.

For me, these landscapes were the landscapes of the Mediterranean. From Marseille to Constantinople, in the ports of the Mediterranean, there is a people – always the same – that lives barefoot on the quayside, faces burnt by sun and pastis, backs bent under crates of oranges, quick hands ready for acts of violence or passion. By day, their lives seem feverish and are in reality aimless; at night, the narrow streets crammed with sleazy houses and old churches, under their bunting of grimy washing, take on a festive air that is infinitely attractive for one who feels with all these free-living beings free because they have nothing a kinship that they themselves might disown. Ready to sail every morning, ready every night to gamble away their wages in a bar, changing jobs every three months but it is not this adventurous side (such good novel material) that interests me; it is the secret of their happiness.

They seem so passionate. And yes, they are. But passionate about what? About the sun, love, the sea and gambling – the only things that will never let them down. And if they lose all they have to vengeance or shipwreck? The sea and love are still there, eternal. Tomorrow, maybe,







tomorrow all these hostile things will smile on them, and anyway, even today, their presence... How soothing for a wounded heart is the sight of a bay that bends like the crook of an arm!

A configuration that speaks to the heart, that is what makes the spirit of the Mediterranean. Space? It is the curve of a shoulder, the oval of a face. Time? A young man running from one end of a beach to another. Light breaks down lines and breeds shadows. It all works towards the glory of man. His glory or his damnation. If his value is so great it is because, beyond the landscape itself, death is the backdrop of his actions. You cannot understand one without the other. Only a keen, constant sense of the end can give desire its edge. From the union of these two forces a philosophy of tragedy was born. [...]

If there is one thing we lack in today's world, it is a sense of the human. The previous century's worship of the machine, and the servitude that it has caused for so many men (extending to the worship of machines by those emancipated from them), can, it seems, be cured by humanism. Not by humanities, as learnt at school – the Greek and Latin rote-mumbled and deciphered with grammars and dictionaries – they are not enough. But by contact with the popular wisdom of the Mediterranean that can rejuvenate mankind. Whatever political, social or religious revolutions come and go, the Mediterranean remains both older and younger than they are. In any case, even in the thick of war, as now, it offers a vision that can help us to raise ourselves up, out of this world torn apart by jealousy, all the way to that god evoked by Plato when he said that "he is good, and what is good is forever free of envy." J.G.







# Capriccio Botanico

EXT MENEHOLD DU CHATELLE

W elcome to a library dedicated to horses and travel, where a herbarium from Diderot's time has joined the poetic assembly of objects, books and paintings

chosen by the avid collector Emile Hermès and his successors. In a

setting fragrant with leather harnesses and distant lands, these

modest dried plants that yesterday slept on the shelves of some

bookshop set us dreaming about the distances that most of

them have covered: from Asia, Africa or America, they reached

the crossroads of the Mediterranean before settling in northern

climes and learning to live in our cities.

The botanists of the Enlightenment Tournefort, Jussieu and

Père Fusée Aublet travelled the globe in search of unknown plants,

the future pride of their collections. In contrast, Rousseau preferred

to herborise near his home. The author of our herbarium, Pierre-

Jean Rouanet, was apparently of the same persuasion as Jean-

Jacques, since his collection was "made in Paris in the year 1779".

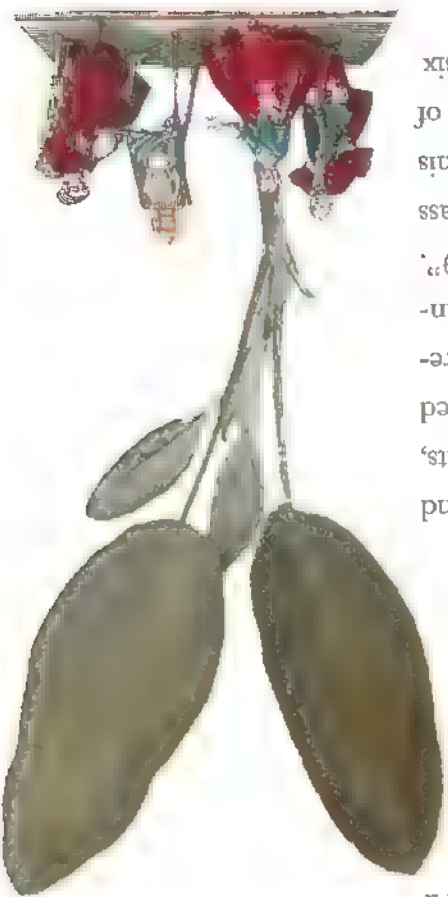
We can imagine him with his samples box, a simple magnifying glass

and perhaps a volume of the *Systema vegetabilium* tucked under his

arm, walking the fallow fields of a capital that was then still full of

gardens and wild grasses. Enough, anyway, to provide him with six

hundred and thirty-six varieties of "both shrubs and plants".



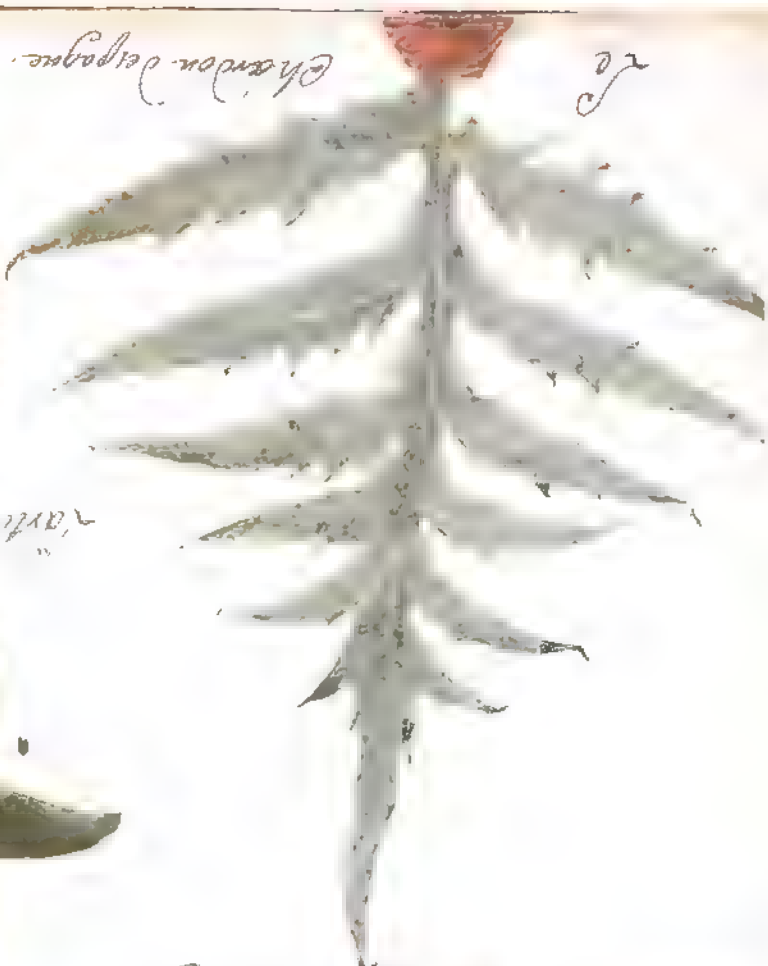


Pierre-Jean classified the samples in accordance with twenty-one medicinal virtues. He wrote their common names in ink. A few nicknames add some verbal spice, reminding us of the ancient commerce between men and plants. "Sancie" designating the supremely curative *sancula*, as it is called in this "garden Latin" that also gives its other name, *poenilla*, to that legendary panacea, cinqufoil. Some nicknames also express gustatory delights: chervis, incorrectly known as cummin, is akin to the "water parsnip". It is the "pearl of kitchen gardens". This lexicon vividly reminds us of how much these plants gave both to the arts and trades in terms of gums, resins and colorants, as well as making life that much sweeter.

From their journey across the great Mediterranean crossroads of civilisations, some of these plants are still resonant with ancient deeds: *taurum*, that the Corsicans accuse of making cats that roll in it mad (with love?), commemorates the bravery of the Trojan prince Teucros (Teucer), the enemy of Dardanus, that eponymous hero of Rameau's opera. Several plants bearing this name are now legally protected species. The sublimely peaceful death of Socrates has immortalised a lethal umbellifer under the handsome name of hemlock. This need not always be harmful: goats and birds eat it with no side effects. Still, it is best to use it only externally, especially water hemlock, whose potency the French Academy of Sciences had occasion to note when they were told of three German soldiers who, leaving Utrecht in the spring of 1714, passed away in less than half an hour.



22



Phenyl

22



*monogynous*





מחזורי חיים





la  
petite Cigue.



la grande Cigue.

le Raïon commun.

le Raïon commun.



Herbe à  
la grace

la grace

la grace





SUCH ARE THE EXQUISITE DELIGHTS OF SEEING

WITH THE EYES OF A CHILD: SUDDENLY, A TWIG BECOMES A WORLD

after swallowing *cicutaria palustris*. They had mistaken it for *calamus aromaticus*, known to fortify the stomach.

As if to inject a bit of life into the somewhat sickly pallor of his

specimens, Pierre-Jean Rouanet amused himself illuminating them with little figures that he cut out from prints. Their whimsy and

bright primary colours make them modest harbingers

of Surrealist collage. Our herbarium thus seems to

have come from some kingdom of plants whose prince

is a schoolboy: by way of practical work, his fingers

gaily pasted vignettes on these classified specimens

from the botany lesson. Tiny comic characters thus

slip into the serious world of plants, cleverly revers-

ing the play of proportions. Suddenly, a grass becomes

a towering tree. Tom Thumb goes hunting with King

Arthur on a steed no higher than a rat, his sword a half-

needle, his shorts cut from a pea pod and his cap from an oak leaf.

Alice in Wonderland, or Thumbelina, shelters here under a few

fronds of veronica, tightly gripping her dagger in case of attack by

some butterfly! A bearded dervish motes out justice beneath a sprig

of bloodwort instead of an oak tree. Elsewhere, a well-groomed

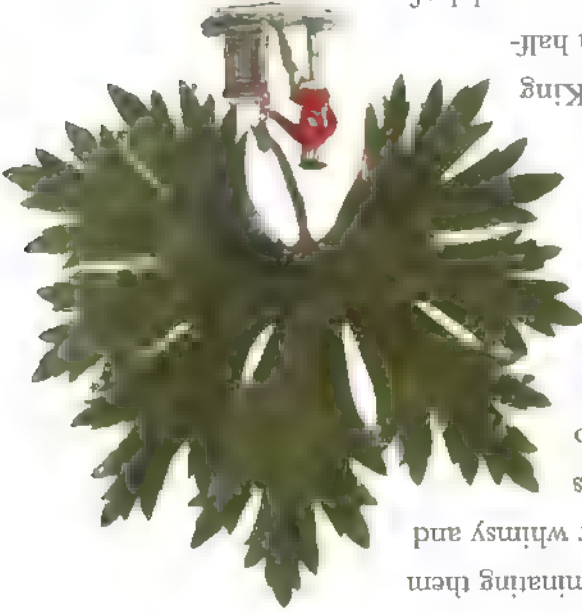
monkey has a fitting session with the wig merchant. This droll scene

takes place in the shade of five redweeded leaves.

No wonder, then, that whatever the girl's botany teacher might

have said, George Sand's grandmother still envied her that special

childhood faculty of hearing what the roses are saying! M.C.



"Herbier made by Pierre-Jean Rouanet in Paris in the year 1779." In-folio full vellum binding, bronze clasps. Each plant is mounted with small figures cut from prints by Engelbrecht and gilded paper from Nuremberg. Coll. Emile Hermès, Paris.



ANDY, CANAPES PROJETE PAR PAOLO PIVA.





SEATTLE, 1329 Western Ave. WASHINGTON 1300 Connecticut Ave. - SEOUL, 93-4 Moonhwa Bldg., Montyun-Dong, Kagazari-Gu - TOKYO, Ekusu Prime Square 1F 1-40 Huko Shibuya-Ku OSAKA, 3-5-7 Honmachi Chuo-Ku

**B&B**  
**ITALIA**





# A Real Disaster

PHOTOS DIDIER MASSARD TEXT JEA A ACTV

I refer to the loss of my diary. Yes, I've lost that faithful notebook in

which Latin etymology asks me to record my "daily allowance" of things that need doing. I've been looking for hours and hours but I just can't find it. So what can I do now, except lament?

Losing your diary means losing your lists of addresses. In other words, what you need to contact people you never contact (the others, you know their number off by heart). So far, then, not so serious.

But it also means a kind of bereavement, losing one's own personal chronicle. Great suffering and serious grieving ensue. True, those sheets on which life's little events laid down their inky traces would probably have ended up at the bottom of some drawer, but sooner or later I would have fished them out. How moving our reunion would have been! Opening the ancient notebook on Tuesday 8 March, my eyes misted over with emotion, I would read: "9:30, Farget". Ah yes, the excellent Dr. Farget! That morning he pulled out my wisdom tooth. Fifteen days of antibiotics, my left cheek swollen like a pumpkin. Oh, valiant vessel of memory, laden with treasures from the past. Sunk without trace.

Also, losing a diary is like your headlight suddenly going out. The calendar is engulfed in darkness. The future grows cloudy. You sail by







dead reckoning. Christmas will be around 25 December, fine. But the rest? Here things get dangerously hazy. On Friday, for example, I had two appointments. The first with my tax inspector, the second at the garage for an oil change on the 4WD. But at what times? In twenty years from now my nephews will still laugh as they recall "the day Uncle drove to the tax office and they confiscated his car."

Pity, my human brothers, pity the wretch who has snapped the thread of "daily doings"! He is a mere ghost, a shadow blundering around in the dark. As I said, it's a real disaster. But there is a glimmer of hope, light at the end of my tragic tunnel. For surely there is some friend or relative who is just dying to give me a present. No doubt this superior creature is tormented by that age-old question: what would make him truly happy? Now he knows: a new diary.

Note that the little number in royal blue crocodile would fit the bill perfectly. And, in case you were wondering, that braided leather pencil would be a fine addition. In fact, I would even accept the Zip CD holder, a real boon for the music lover I am reputed to be. That said, just one of these three articles would make me happy. I'm not fussy.

Have I been clear? Thanks ever so.









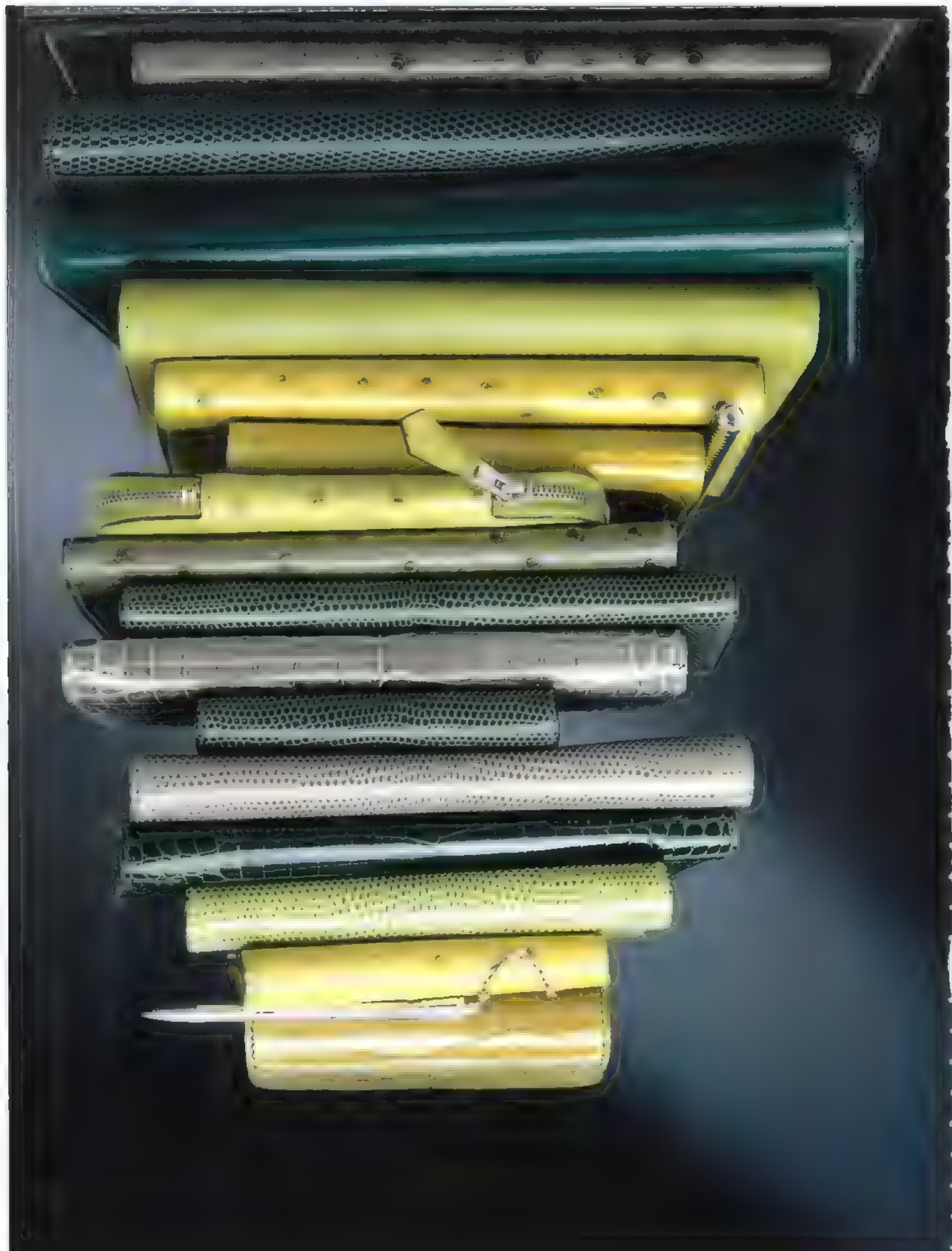


















# Silence... Action!





















































































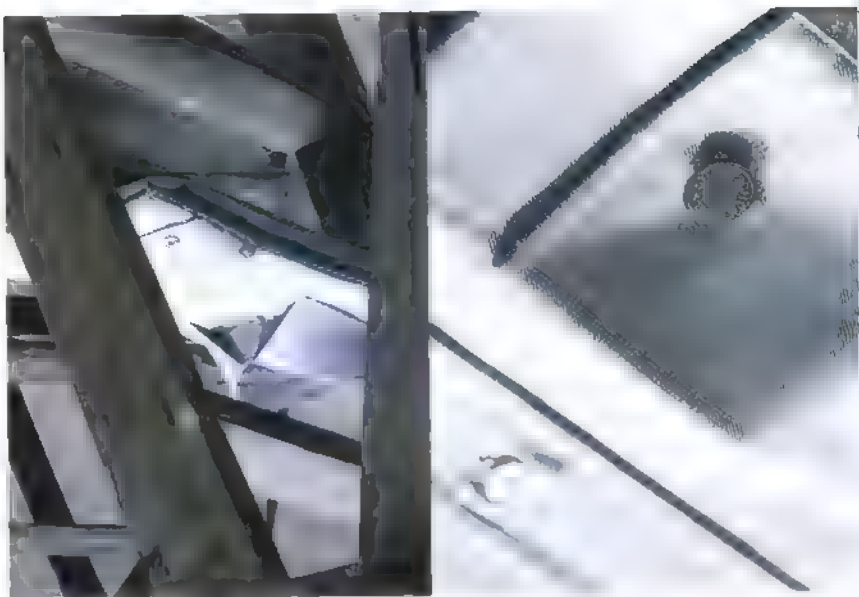
# "The Shirt" (Detail)

“Seven stitches per centimetre.” The formula will sound sibylline to the untailored ear, but precise to those in the know. It is, in its way, a code. But more than that, it is the expression of the highest standards and the credo of a confraternity – the community of conscientious and enthusiastic shirtmakers. Seven stitches per centimetre of material. As opposed to the more usual five. Those two extra stitches are a small, almost a hidden luxury. They mean that the finish of each hem, each buttonhole, will be more elegant as well as exceptionally solid. The improvement is beyond doubt. A bespoke advance,

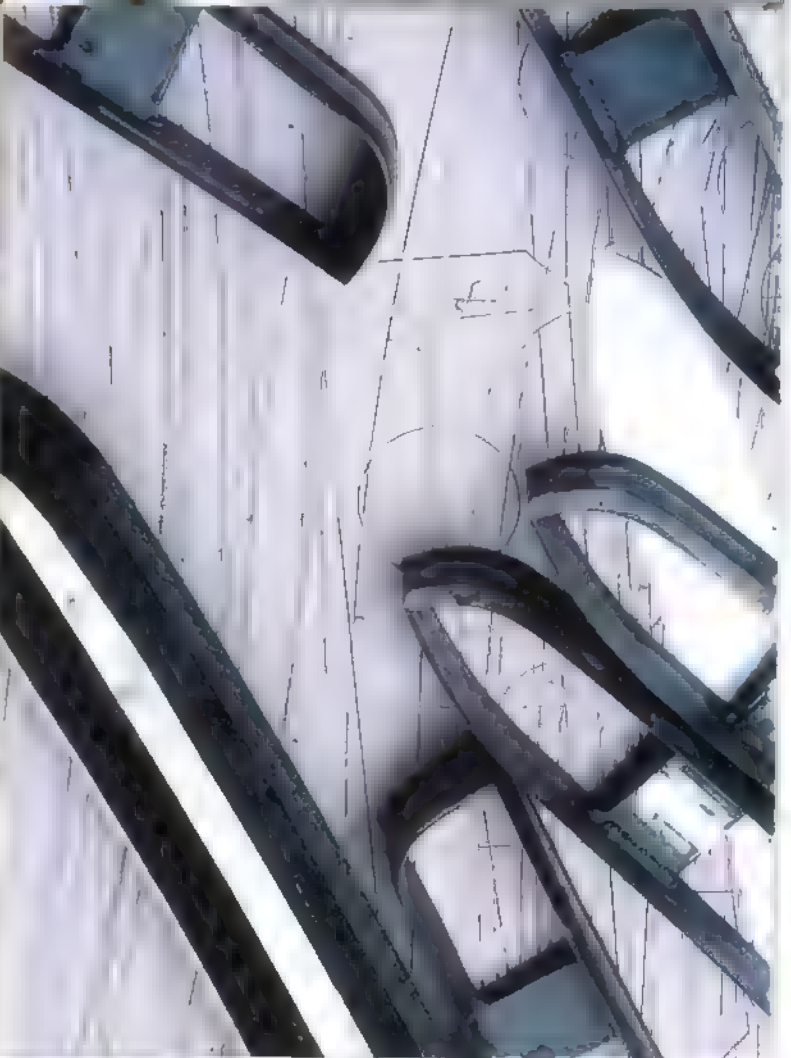
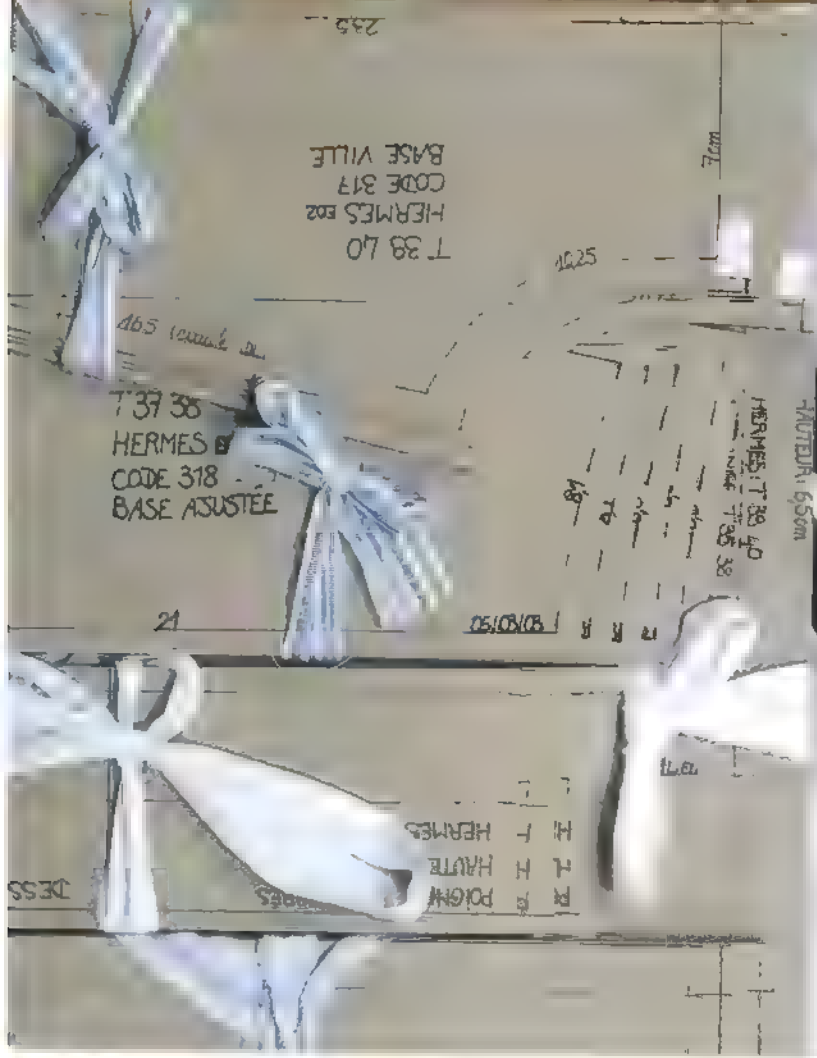
but a perfectly discreet one.

Once again, it is the detail that makes the difference. That distinguishes and gives a thing its value. It confirms a code of conduct that is the honour of a profession. Tried and tested rules dedicated to meeting expectations, to providing wearers with finest quality and surest pleasure. Tuning, making the pattern, the outlining, sizing, quilting, precisely cutting out the forms with the shears, and so on all the way to pressing and folding – each of the

The *criche* is a guide to the seven sizes. Structure, construction and balance are the keywords in this strict sartorial composition, crowned by magnificent saddle tack or mother-of-pearl buttons.









Templates are transparent, as if self-evident. The main thing is the match. The tough task of assembling the collar is the work of a true specialist as finishing the tip of the cuff. The art of cutting, the skill of sewing, to the nearest millimetre, following a subtle thread.









THE WFTF: RESPECT FOR BEAUTY AND PASSIONATE ATTENTION, THE RICH EXPERIENCE OF A DEDICATED TEAM WITH THEIR UNIQUE, HARMONIOUS TISSUE OF SKILLS, THE WARP: A SERIES OF PRECISE ACTIONS ALL THROUGH PRODUCTION, ENSURING A BEAUTIFUL FINISH.

forty operations has a strict protocol. Seamstresses and technicians perform their craft as if dancing a ballet: to an unwavering tempo. One stitches and the other sews, in the fluidity of a sequence that flows from their fingertips. The carefully composed score leaves no room for any attempts to digress.

There is a subtle musicality in the delicate play of these hands as they impose the obligations of style on the neutral machine. They place, cur, trim, taper, line, stitch, sew, tack, assemble, check, inspect. Leaving a bit of slack, the better to stay in control. And, above all, they match and join. Stripe must meet stripe,

check tally with check. Here, the collar and the cuffs, the back and the sleeves. There the row of buttons, a curve to impart, a fold to bring into line. Mustn't lose the thread. Assembly is a delicate art "all in the doing". It is capped by the addition of those superb mother-of-pearl or saddle-tack buttons, the hallmark of the Hermès shirt and signature of a House tradition. A shirt is a work of art, and connoisseurs will savour its details as well as its overall beauty.

C.D.



In this subtle construction, it is the precision of the assembly that signals distinction. Tucked away in the collar, the label is like a manifesto for refinement, echoed by the buttons. Every shirt is numbered.



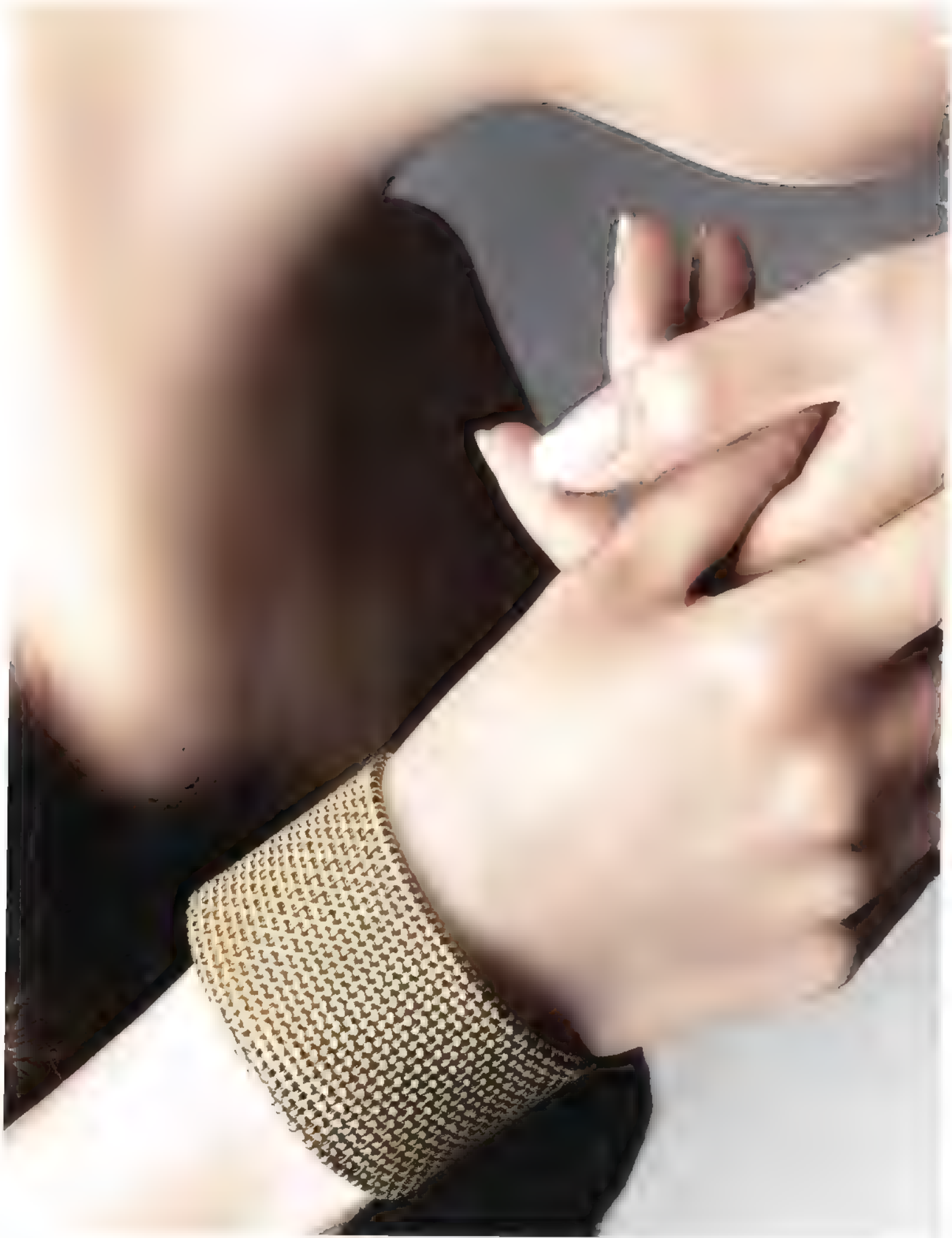




# Simply Sensual

The thread of gold spins jewels into curves  
of pure geometry, mapping out their precious geography on the skin.  
Its luminous ink underscores the mass of a shoulder,  
the fluidity of a wrist. Rays of sun, diamantine beams and lunar white  
are materials fashioned by these mobile, moving jewels.  
They live naturally with the body, visible but never loud, present  
but not ponderous, round but  
not bland, graphic but not stiff. Sensual, simply sensual.









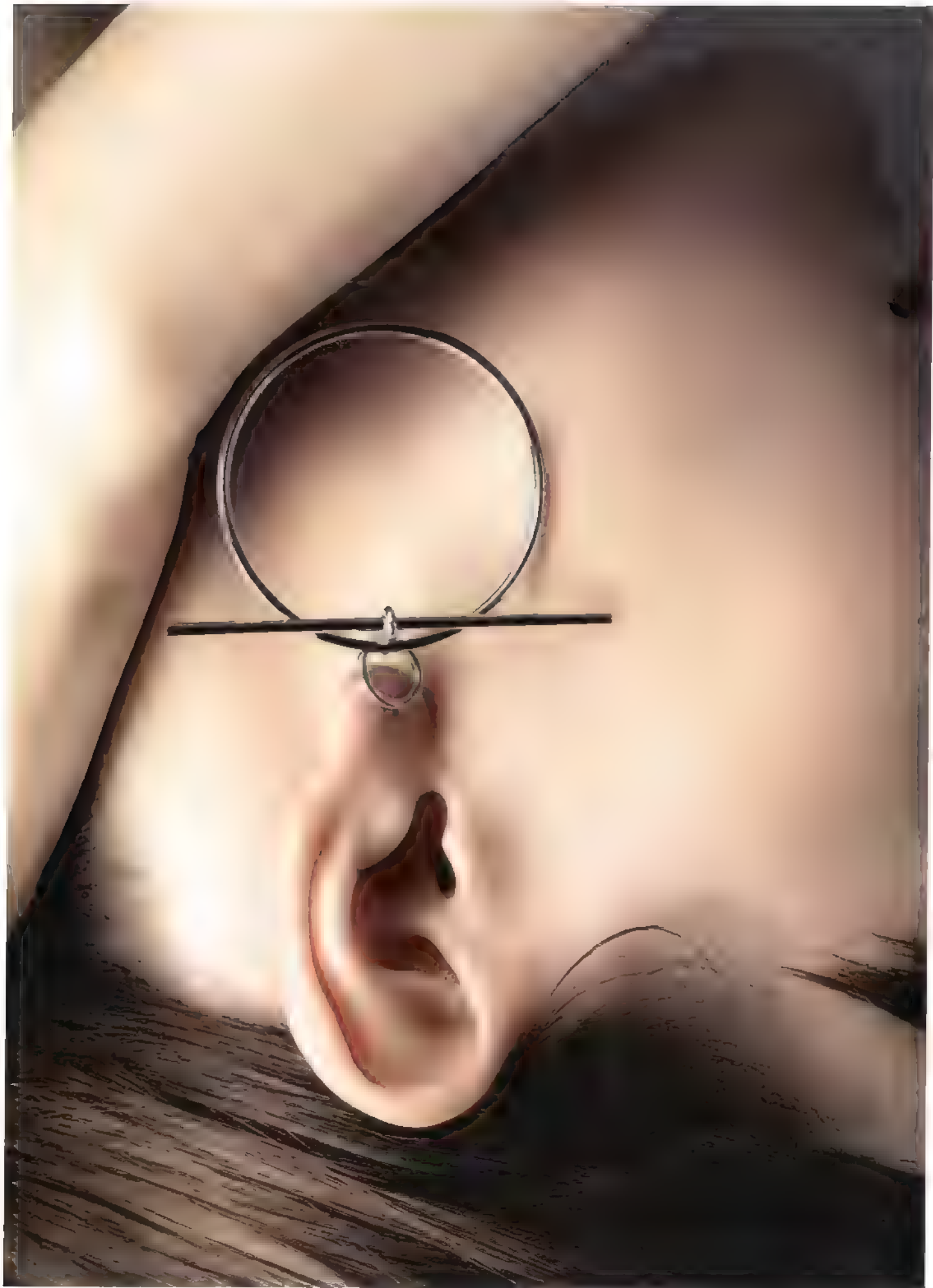




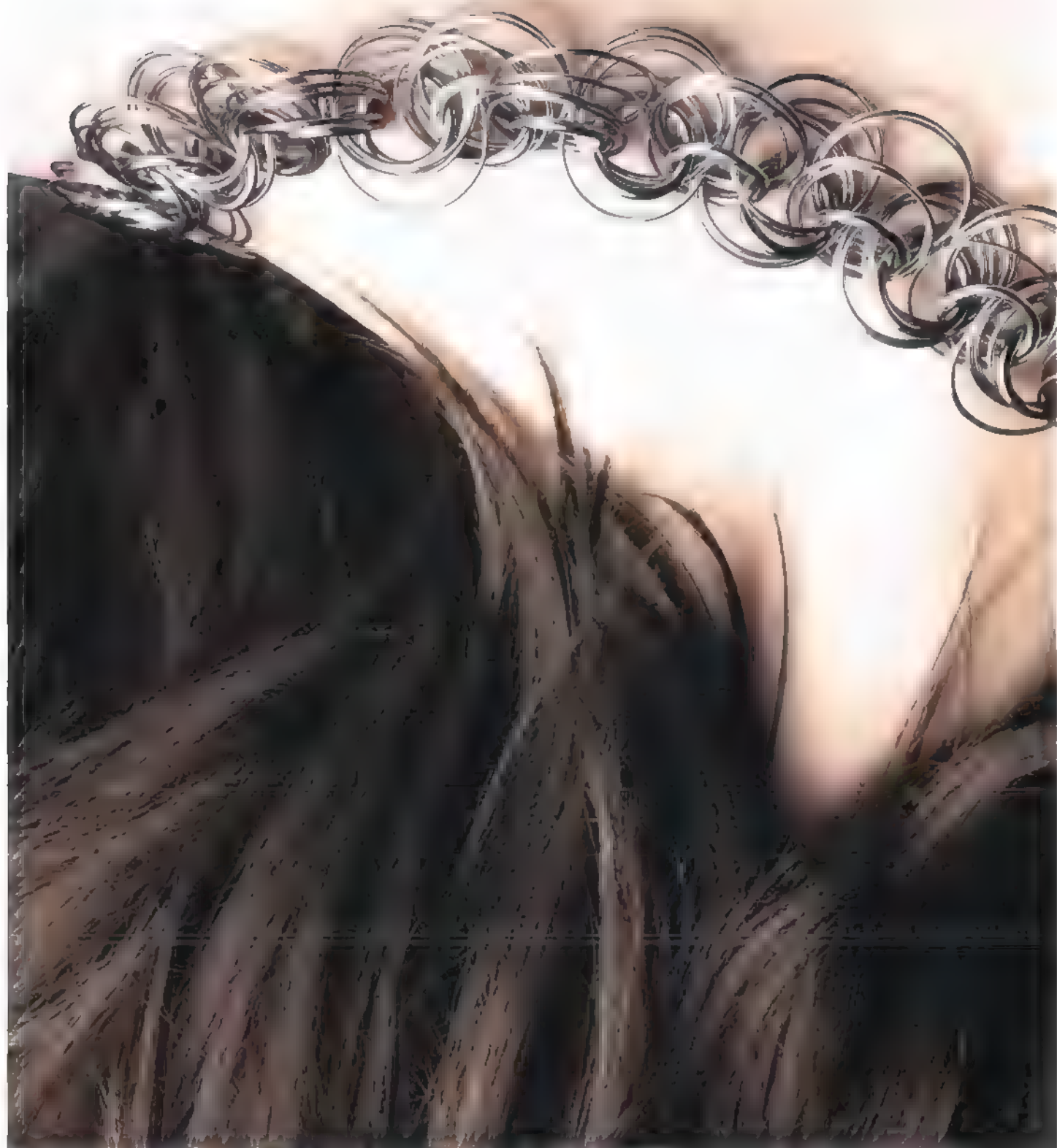


















Over to you... Malika Ferdjoukh

# Hollywood on Riviera

Invitation

Sister Elisabeth taught me when I was ten. One fine morning, she raised her index finger and issued a solemn warning: "Pay attention, this is a difficult word: there are not two *ts* in 'Méditerranée' but two *rs*, and at the end there are not two *ns* but two *es*. Above all, there's no accent on the *e* before the double *r*."

Poor woman. She never knew what seeds of confusion and chaos she had sown. How she had compromised the consonants and vowels in my spelling of *Méditerranée* for years to come. Yes, people keep telling me (and I keep telling myself), it's simple: *Medius*. Terra. Middle of the Earth. Yes, I know. I know. But even now, as I write these lines, I am feeling hopelessly obtuse. And have a dictionary by my left elbow.

Why, only a few months ago, I was writing a dedication for a colleague which (by God knows what suicidal pironette) revolved around the sea in question. As I neared the fateful, capital *M*, I suddenly succumbed to pelagial giddiness. Two *ts*? One *r*? Or two? And the *ns*, how many *ns*? There was no way to rewind the words. Let alone withdraw them. There they were, black on the white page. I looked for a way to avoid that decidedly

wayward sea, to change the course of my sentence in mid-cruise. Too late. So I wrote on. With a sense of perdition, like what a diver must feel when plunging from the cliff. *Alas jacta est*. The deed done, I rushed to my dictionary. Problem was, I no longer knew if I had written three *Ms* or four *rs*. Ah, good old Sister Elisabeth! Bless her little jokes!

Of course, when you can, you try to beat about a bit, to tack around other orthographical caprices. Rather like a stammerer avoiding their phonetic stumbling block. And so you drift discreetly towards the Gulf of Lion, of Genoa or of Sidra. You steer full speed ahead for the Aegean or the Ionian. All this seafaring savvy just to avoid the rocky *rs*, *ns* and *ts* of that middle pond!

But try too hard and you end up sailing into Thessaloniki Bay or, worse, along the Tyrrhenian coast. Avast! Time for Sister Elisabeth to swallow the anchor. I say that affectionately, mind.

Fortunately for this poor dear sea that witnessed my birth, its name evokes more than these plain memories of a schoolgirl with a writing problem. What it really conjures up are splendours, pomp, cities, magnificence. Carthage. Alexandria. Taormina. Suez. Massilia. Byblos. Anápolis.



ALGERIAN-BORN WITH A HEAD FULL OF STORIES THAT SHE TURNS INTO BOOKS, HERE IS MALIKA FERDOUKH, PSEUDONYMOUS AUTHOR OF VARIOUS NOVELS AND NOVELISED SCRIPTS AND VFRONYMOUS WRITER OF FICTIONS THAT TEENAGERS GOBBLE UP THIS AUTUMN, L'ÉCOLE DES LOISIRS IS PUBLISHING THE FOURTH AND FINAL VOLUME OF HER "FOUR SISTERS" SERIES, A BROAD-CANVAS FAMILY TALE WHOSE TONE AND RHYTHM TAKE US BACK TO THE GOLDEN AGE OF AMERICAN MOVIES – A WORLD SHE KNOWS BETTER THAN MOST

And, for me, Hollywood.

Riviera on Cinema. Côte d'Azur in Technicolor. Mediterranean on Film. It's true: even when it's fake it's fab. One day in 1933, the King of Morocco was amazed to see his very own kasbah in a *Morocco* shot entirely in Culver City.

For years, my own personal Riviera was a window onto the court of Monaco. Musicals. *On the Riviera*, in which the taffeta-clad derrière of my favourite actress was adorned with a big satin bow; *Monte Carlo Baby*, where the band gaily blared out "Anything but that!"

On my own personal Riviera the dialogue sparkles, à la Lubitsch. It's a place where games of chemin de fer need not mean infernal shame. A place where super-rich air-headed old ladies stub out their cigarettes in their tubs of cold cream or in their breakfast eggs. Where glossy blondes pluck a picnic hamper from the back of their roadster and nibble on a chicken drumstick held between thumb and index while kissing Archibald Leach. And then there is that old English masterpiece in which a young redhead ballerina in tiara and lamé cape bestrides the sweeping mossy steps of a villa as silent as the castle in *Beauty and the Beast*. Naturally, images like these pick you up and

carry away your imagination. Until, in the end, you make the inevitable hard landing.

One summer, friends of friends of mine invited me to a friend of friends' birthday party up in the heights of Villefranche. I was a student and this was my first incursion into the Côte d'Azur. Images of that English masterpiece and that actress with the huge bow mentioned above immediately flashed up in my mind. Though neither a redhead nor a ballerina, I nevertheless managed to find an outfit with taffeta, lamé, a bow (albeit small) and a tiara (tiny) and swore that (if not an heiress, then definitely an airhead) I would stub out my cigarette in some very incongruous chic object.

Villefranche is not Hollywood. Besides, sometimes it rains even in California. That night there was a sky-splitting storm and torrents flooded down the steep streets and over my legs. The bow was soon sagging and my pumps flopping like rheumatic slippers. My cigarettes were washed away along the gutter. That was the last I heard of the tiara. I turned back and headed for the nearest bistro, humming "Anything but that!"

But never mind. This storm over the Méditerranée, over the Gulf of Genoa, was itself a truly and magnificently Technicolor experience.

M. F.



# Family Trees

Autumn-Winter 2003







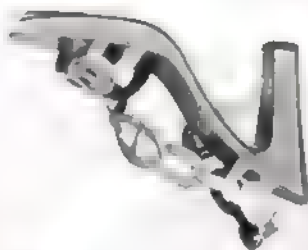




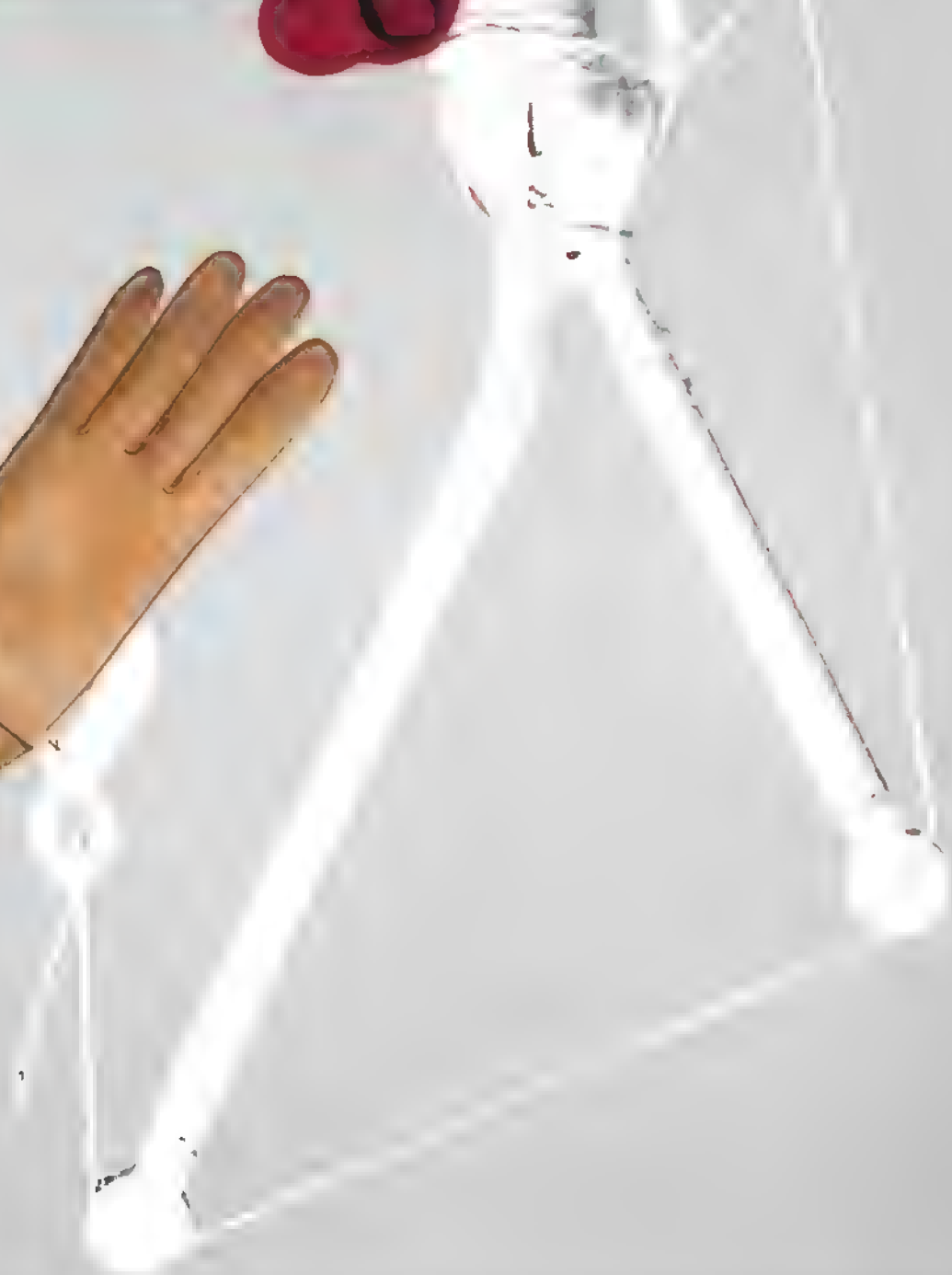












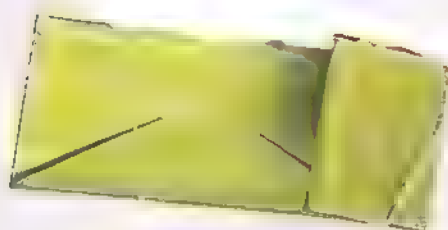
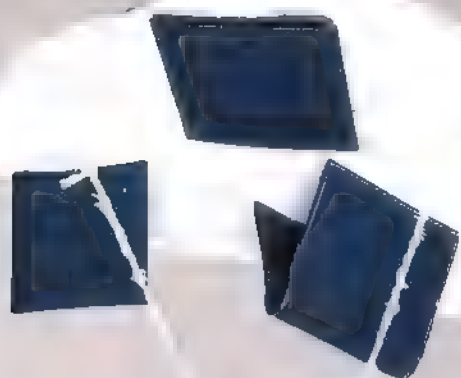


















# RENCONTRES

## HERMÈS STORE TAIWAN, OPENING OF A

A red carpet, porters bearing orange boxes like so many precious gifts, musicians and dancers a lion-headed dragon – it was to the sounds and colours of a traditional Chinese wedding ceremony that Hermès celebrated the opening of its new store at Tainan on 1 April 2003. Symbolising the coming together of Taiwanese culture and



the traditions of the French saddle, a long procession led the bride, all dressed in red, her face veiled by a silk scarf, to the threshold of this new Hermès abode in East Asia.

**NEW YORK: HAPPY BIRTHDAY CENTRAL PARK**  
In the heart of Manhattan, Central Park is New York's long green lung. It also evokes the great American dream of open spaces and landscapes tamed for human use. To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the park's creation, Hermès reissued its *Jardin Enchanté* silk scarf. Proceeds from sales were given to the Central Park Conservancy. On 7 May the pattern adorned the napery at a big charity lunch, a joyous reunion for all lovers of New York's verdant heart.



## TOKYO, YUMI KORI

The Forum, a space for shows of contemporary artists at the Maison Hermès in Ginza, Tokyo, is no White Cube. The artworks here are definitely not isolated. Last spring Japanese artist Yumi Kori chose to base the work she presented there on the architectural identity of the site. *Panta Rhei* was an installation of white sand, redolent of a Zen garden, in which the stores were re-aced by the building's own columns. A metaphor of the flow of water revealed by the light of Ginza, the poetic work resonated perfectly with the glass architecture of Renzo Piano.



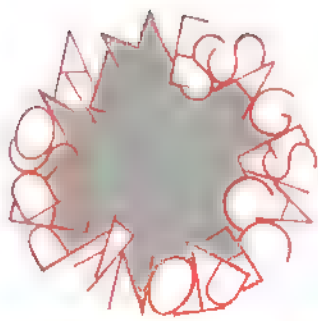


**VERSAILLES: BARTABAS**  
 is a nonpareil horseman who  
 forged an exciting fusion  
 of contemporary culture and  
 the art of horsemanship  
 in the internationally acclaimed  
 shows put on by his troupe,  
 Zingaro. He was recently made  
 director of the new Academy  
 of Equestrian Performance  
 at the Grande Écurie in Versailles.  
 His twelve students are  
 horsemen's p there use light,  
 airy saddles based on the

one designed and made for  
 Bartabas himself by Hermès  
 It symbolises the vocation of this  
 unique school: to breathe the life  
 of modernity into tradition



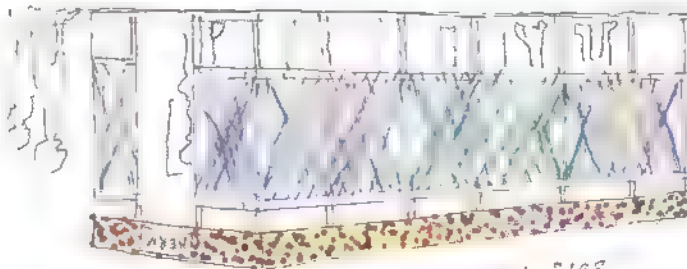
**BRUSSELS, SALVATORE LICITRA**  
 The Verrière-Herz's gallery "  
 artist Salvatore Licitra from May  
 to July. Specially conceived  
 for the event his installation,  
 'I accept only personal messages',  
 took the form of a forest  
 of a uminium rods capped with  
 'fragments' of wooden letters  
 These formed a sentence  
 suspended in space, only when  
 viewed from a particular angle  
 Once visitors found this,  
 the piece suddenly "made sense"  
 in a similar way, all the word-  
 sculptures, mirror-paintings  
 and secret photographs brought  
 together by Alice Morgaine  
 obliged spectators to be active  
 readers of the work, and  
 thus to take full responsibility  
 for their own perception





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BOIS PEINT



# FLORENCE, HOMAGE TO THE TIE BY ALESSANDRO MENDINI

For the Pitt Uomo men's

fashion show held in Florence

last January, Hermès gave

the renowned designer and

architect Alessandro Mendini

carte blanche to organise

a presentation of ties. The

result was a "Little Temple

of Ties" a witty and amusing

construction in which silk

ribbons were "woven" into

panels that formed a colorful

shrine, built to "house a

gold-colored dog: a bronze tie

branded with a distinctive H

worlds by a major visual artist

the French capital and its various

which offers a unique vision of

Klein's new book on Paris,

the American publication of

in New York coincided with

de la Photographie in Paris,

from the Maison Européenne

show, Paris + Klein, came over

by William Klein. This touring

showcased 69 photographs

Hermès Madison Avenue store

with Leica, the gallery at the

15 April-May, a collaboration

NEW YORK, PARIS + KLEIN



# AIX-EN-PROVENCE, CEZANNE'S SATCHEL

In 2006, the centenary year of

his death, Aix-en-Provence

will be celebrating one of its

most famous sons, Cézanne

The painter bought a plot

of land overlooking the town in

1901 in order to set up his

studio there. Today, the building

is a museum devoted to

preserving the painter's memory

Here, even now, you can

sense the aura of the everyday

objects that inspired those semi-

real still lifes. For his homage,

Aix has commissioned the Dutch

artist Gabriel Sterk to make

a bronze sculpture based on a

photograph of Cézanne out

walking, with his faithful leather

bag over his shoulder. Hermès

has decided to support the

celebration by making a one-off

replica of the satchel that

the artist took with him along the

paths of Provence whenever

he went painting "after nature"

"This unique object will be sold

to the highest bidder with

proceeds going to the museum





## TOKYO, "AESTHETIC

### CURIOSITIES"

Le Studio, the cinema installed on the top floor of the Maison Hermès in Tokyo, hosted a programme concocted by Patrick Bensard, who is in charge of the collection of dance films held at the Cinémathèque Française. Le Studio is dedicated to giving Japanese visitors the opportunity to see screenings of rare documentaries, feature films and short films, rarely shown "aesthetic curiosities", such as Alain Cavalier's *Portraits*, about odd jobs and "minor trades".

After Hella Jongerius in 2002, it was the turn of Tord Boontje to make "tree with Hermès silk scarves in the installation *Wild Silk*, shown at the Design Museum in London from June to September 2003. Reconciling design and craftsmanship, he uses contemporary technologies to bring out all the poetry and sensuality of objects Boontje's intriguing presentation showed the long process that goes from the silk worm all the way to the printed scarf.

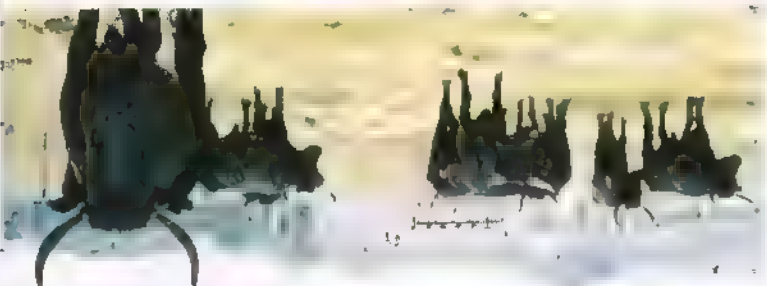


PHOTOS: BARTLETT D.R. M. ENACE Q. BERTOUX D. ADAM

## CHANTILLY:

### DIANE AND CAMARGUE

Farandoles to the traditional sound of galoubets (flutes) and tambourines, carousels of amazons, a *déjeuner sur l'herbe* laid out between mas and fishermen's cabanes – on 8 June, Hermès celebrated two queens: the *Artesienne* who came in all her finery, accompanying bulls from the Rhône delta to celebrate the Camargue in Chantilly; and the queen of the races, Nebreska Tornado, a three-year-old filly who beat her fellows to win the Prix de Diane





Autumn-Winter 2003

# Fuchsia etc. \*

















\* Unmistakable. You can see it at once. He has an oblique energy that makes its mark. That long, rangy silhouette with the collar turned up, cutting through the cold winter air like a knife. That fresh, casual way of moving through the city. Clad in a matt lizard skin biker's jacket he goes. Belted snugly into his Toiletwind mastic raincoat he goes. There he is now, cleaving the night in his short brown car coat. And we see him once again, further on this time, sketching his swift-limned silhouette in a double-breasted suit with strong rhythmic stripes. But what really marks him out are those throbbing fuchsia touches. Fine corduroy trousers, a shirt, a turtle-neck, a scarf, a stripe, a line. In the light of day and in the shadow of the night, he has a flair few share. Fuchsia flaring.



























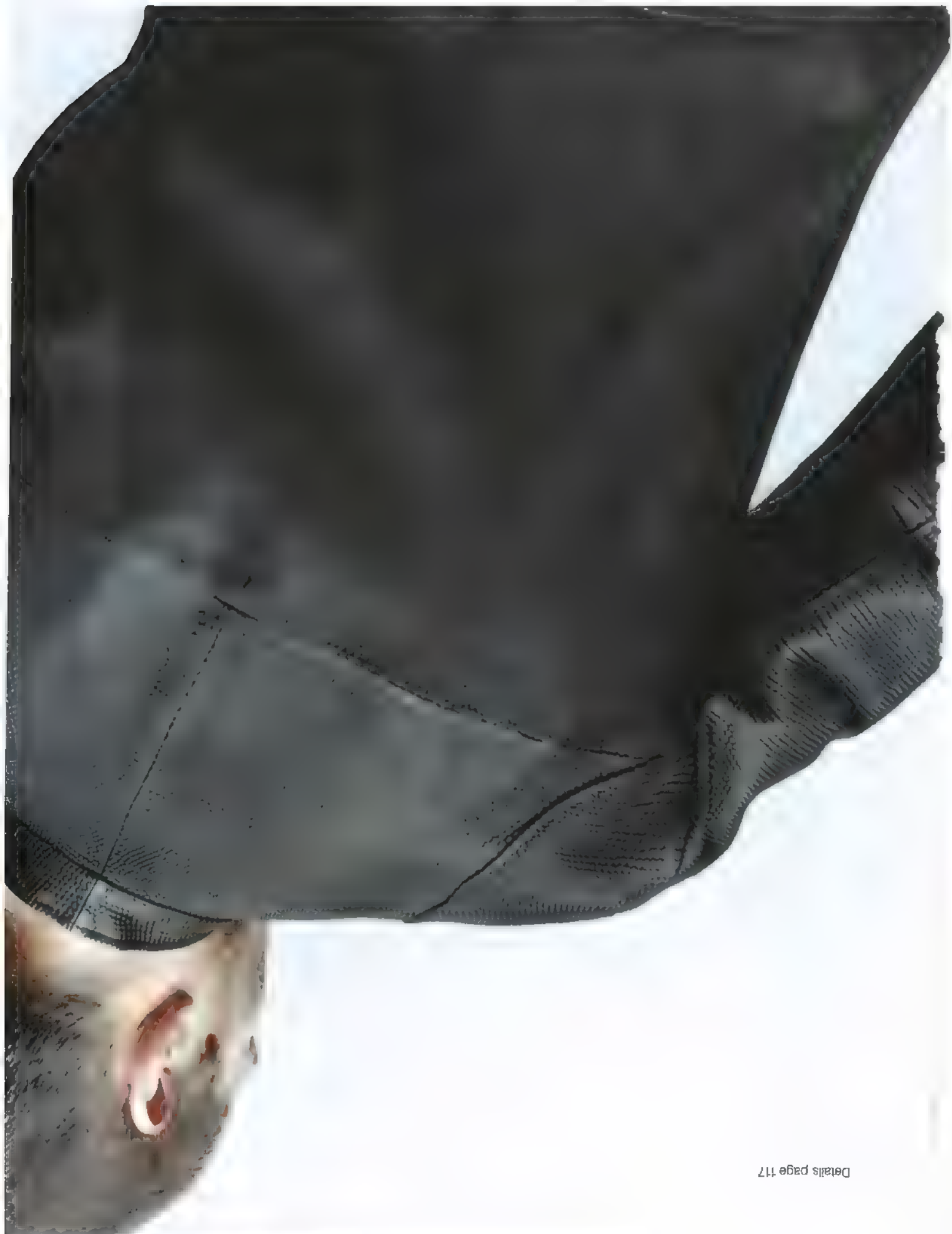














Vincent Migéat, photographer

## Pleasures of the Moment

The subject is childhood as much as it is photography. Although, come to think of it, one day it would be worth reflecting on the deeper affinities between photography, which is in love with time, forgetful, fascinated by memory, eager to bear witness and incapable of precision, and the way we perceive the world as children. In fact, perhaps the best photography, the photography that reveals our changing vision of the universe, needs to be "infantile" in order to commune with the emotions that we experienced before we became "grown-ups".

Here, by bringing the kind of family photos that we all know and sometimes keep together with contemporary, personal explorations of a particular space (Corsica in the early days and now) and visions that have more to do with pleasure than with description, this photographer has given us access to one possible state of photography – between memory and pleasure, impressions and memories.

This is not a narrative but there is a story. It is grounded and experienced, shaped and unfolded as a story. What we have here are not just photographs. This work is about the way photographs can accompany feelings, memories and emotions. These images are personal but also universal. They speak of the pleasure of the moment, of the suddenness of the wind, of the treacherous yieldingness of waves, of the joys of family get-togethers and of light's constant and constantly renewed capacity to reinvent the world.

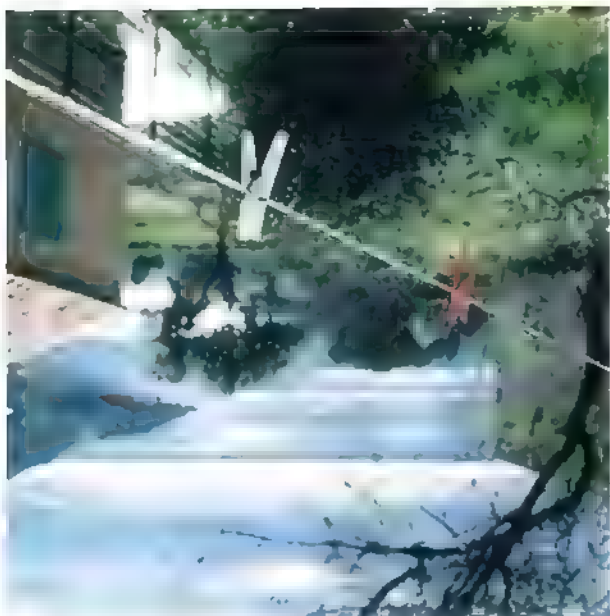
Vincent Migéat was born in Valence, in the department of Drôme in 1965. After working for the Magnum and, for a short while, Odyssey agencies, he joined *Le Nouvel Observateur* magazine. He is also with the VU agency, which distributes his work. The photographs here are from *C'est encore vous*, a new photographic memoir of his family summer holidays in Corsica published by Actes Sud. The text is taken from Christian Caujolle's postface to the book.



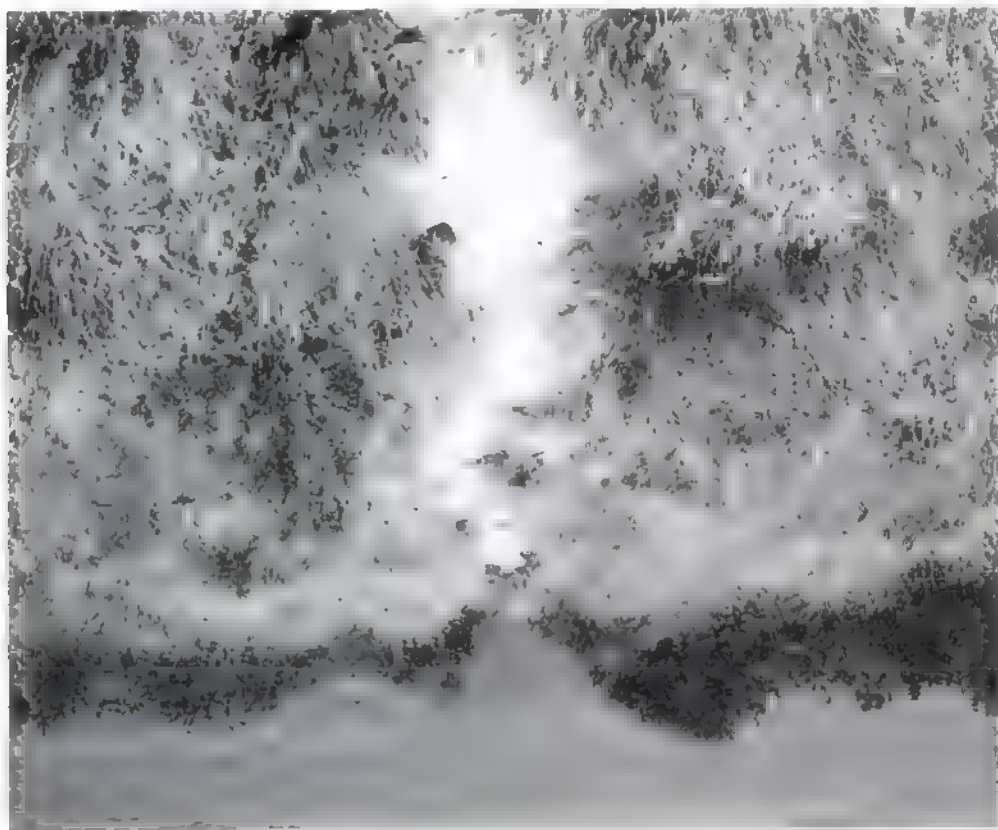
"The ringing voices of daring young children still echo from deep in the pebble-floored sea caves."







"The path wound over the brow of the hill. Suddenly, there was the sea; with a light heart, you slid down to the graceful bay and the little beach."





"And so the old donkey ended up here, a crude enclosure by way of a sanctuary."



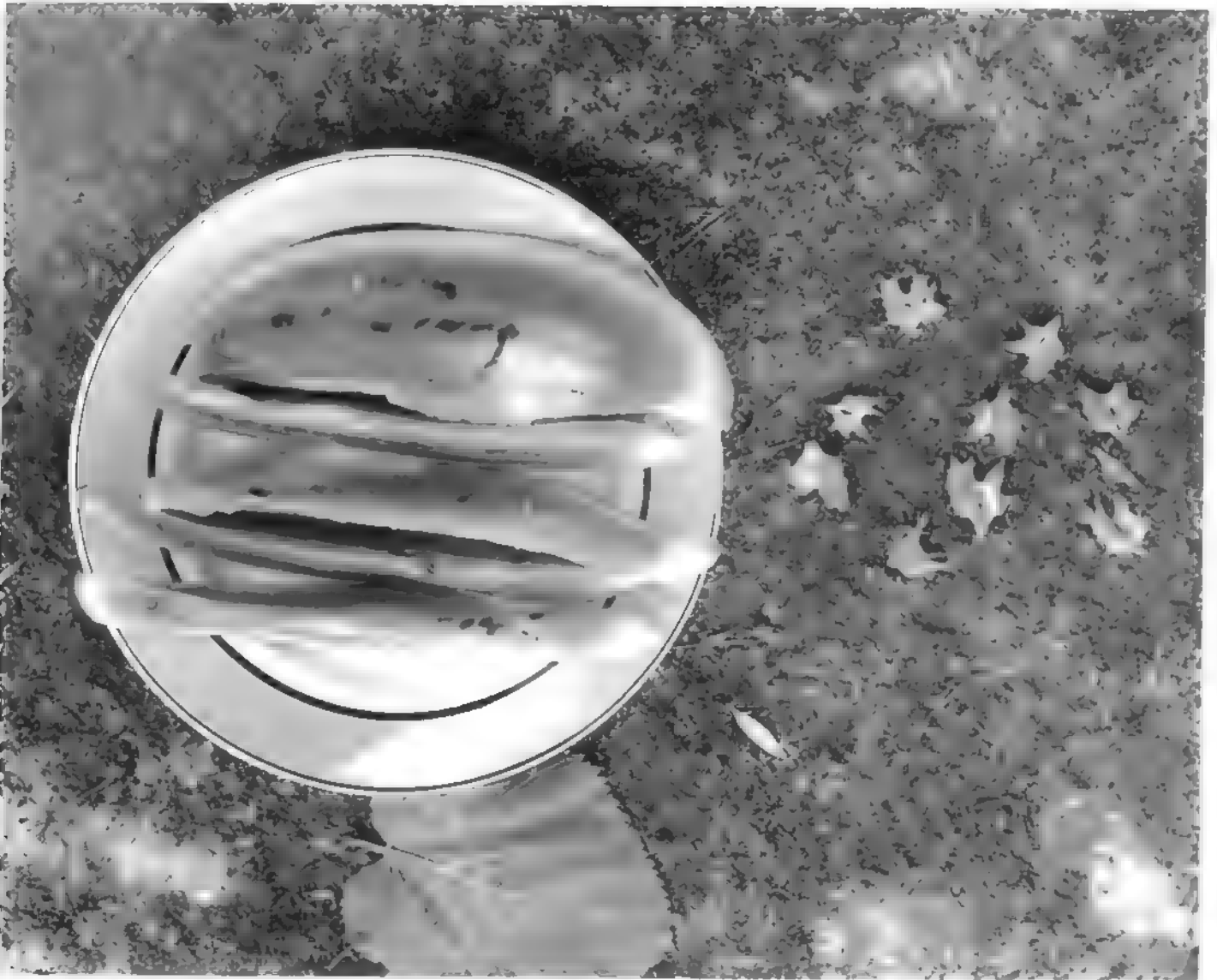




"Higher up, a spring punched out from the ground like a fist. It never ran dry, not even on the hottest summer days."







"Before taking the path to the beach, and after lunch on the terrace, time slowed to a crawl."





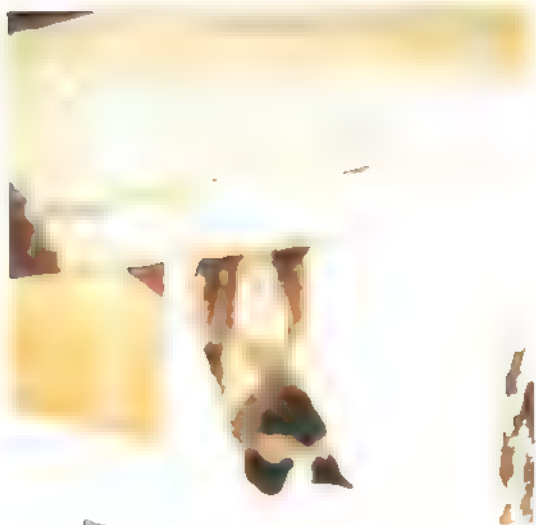
"The sand had this annoying way of sticking to your feet and body, and often it was still there when you got into bed at night."





"Sitting, leaving a good space between my legs, I began by smoothing out the sand, to make it pristine."





"My uncle's delicate, precise movements, the motor starting up, spitting in the water as it got up to speed, the tarry sides of the boat, and then, slowly, setting off into the breaking day"

"There where the sand merges into the land, where worlds flow together, lay the ossuaries left by the storms."









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# HERMÈS

Autumn-Winter 2003. Product details

Pages 8-9

002200S/02 "Soleil" printed silk twill scarf in apple green/dayglo green/white, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)  
002200S/03 "Soleil" printed silk twill scarf in orange-red/bright orange/white, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)  
002200S/04 "Soleil" printed silk twill scarf in black/white/black, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)

Page 10

002173S/08 "Libres comme l'air" ("Free as the air") printed silk twill scarf  
in steel grey/pearl grey/squirrel grey, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)

Page 11

001708S/14 "Séquences" ("Sequences") printed silk twill scarf in pumpkin/black/apricot, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)

Page 12

002166S/01 "Sous les cèlèbres" ("Under the 'range' trees") printed silk twill scarf  
in lavender blue/golden yellow/light blue, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)

Page 13

021789S/07 "Vert portant II" ("Run before the wind II") printed silk "will" scarf  
in loden green/caudron powder/loden, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)

Page 14

002194S/02 "Bulles de bulles" ("Bubble ball") printed silk "will" scarf

in plum/gilded beige/old rose, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)  
002194S/04 "Bulles de bulles" ("Bubble ball") printed silk "will" scarf  
in putty/lean blue/cognac, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)

Page 15

002171S/02 "Boogie Woogie" printed silk twill scarf in white/grey/black, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)  
002171S/03 "Boogie Woogie" printed silk twill scarf in black/mole grey/white, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)

Pages 16-17

021722S/02 "Les Folies du Ciel" ("Wild skies II") printed silk twill scarf  
in cinnamon/bright red/apple green, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)  
021722S/03 "Les Folies du Ciel" ("Wild skies II") printed silk twill scarf  
in apple green/absinthe/winter, 90 x 90 cm (36 x 36 ins)



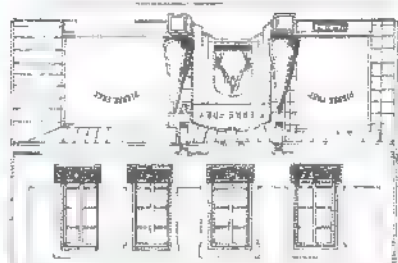




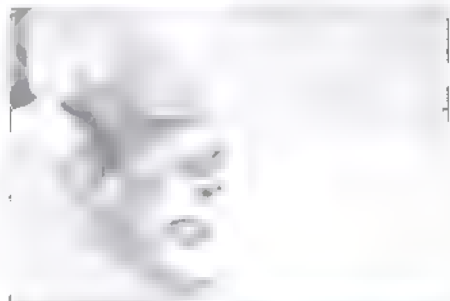
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## Page 42

37011 DB/FF Coat with hood in natural and black double-faced cashmere and camel hair

## Page 43

37014 DB/B/D Coat with over-sleeve effect in camel double-faced cashmere and camel hair

## Hermès Accessories

074 BG 12 Sheep gloves in natural gazelle skin

002 BZ 23 "Basic" boots in camel calf skin suede

## Page 45

37011 DB/FF Raincoat with over-sleeve effect in puffy cotton and cashmere gabardine

37014 DB/B/D High work boots in camel calf skin suede

## Pages 46-47

074 BG 12 Sheep gloves in natural gazelle skin

37014 DB/B/D Coat with over-sleeve effect in camel double-faced cashmere and camel hair

## Hermès Accessories

002 BZ 23 "Basic" boots in camel calf skin suede

## Page 48

37014 DB/B/D Belted coat with lapel collar in sepi wool, cashmere and camel hair with quilted pattern

37014 DB/B/D Scarf hood in brown beige cashmere and silk

## Page 49

37110 DB/FF Long coat with over-sleeve effect in black nutria

37014 DB/B/D Short gloves in black cashmere

## Hermès Accessories

022074Z/02 "Follow" pumps in black goatskin suede

074 BG 12 Sheep gloves in natural gazelle skin

## Pages 50-51

37011 DB/B/D Coats with hood, worn one over the other in camel light cashmere

074 BG 12 Sheep gloves in natural gazelle skin

## Page 52

371623DC/D7 Top with wide sleeves in hazelnut full grain lambskin

370400D/V/02 High-waisted pants in black camel hair twill

## Hermès Accessories

037492C/V/89 "Elysée" belt in black box calf skin

## Page 53

37014 DB/B/D Jacket with wide sleeves in camel double-faced cashmere

37014 DB/B/D Coat with wide sleeves in camel double-faced cashmere

## Hermès Accessories

037492C/V/89 "Elysée" belt in black box calf skin

## Page 54

37014 DB/B/D Jacket with wide sleeves in camel double-faced cashmere

37014 DB/B/D Coat with wide sleeves in camel double-faced cashmere

## Hermès Accessories

037492C/V/89 "Elysée" belt in black box calf skin

## Page 55

37014 DB/B/D Jacket with wide sleeves in camel double-faced cashmere

37014 DB/B/D Coat with wide sleeves in camel double-faced cashmere

## Hermès Accessories

037492C/V/89 "Elysée" belt in black box calf skin

107079M/02 Blanket in sand moiré 240 x 300 cm (98 x 120 in)



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## TISSUS EN CRIN DE CHEVAL







## Page 87

036022C/83 "Beltingot" PM handbag in orange 10" by 14" by 10" "Lorraine" handbag in brick red and orange box callisk 138788CC 13 "Beltingot" PM handbag in orange 10" by 14" by 10" "Lorraine" handbag in brick red and orange box callisk 138788CC 13

## Page 86

036022C/83 "Beltingot" PM handbag in orange 10" by 14" by 10" "Lorraine" handbag in brick red and orange box callisk 138788CC 13 "Beltingot" PM handbag in orange 10" by 14" by 10" "Lorraine" handbag in brick red and orange box callisk 138788CC 13

## Pages 84-85

001709C/08 "Hello" women's gloves in putty glazed lambskin silk lining, with "H" in bright palladium thread 138788CC 13 "Beltingot" PM handbag in orange 10" by 14" by 10" "Lorraine" handbag in brick red and orange box callisk 138788CC 13

## Page 83

032053Z/01 "Hesard" pumps in black box callisk 138788CC 13 "Beltingot" PM handbag in orange 10" by 14" by 10" "Lorraine" handbag in brick red and orange box callisk 138788CC 13

## Page 82

076645V "Rouge-Hermès" eau de toilette, natural spray, 50 ml (1.7 fl. oz.) 076645V "Rouge-Hermès" eau de toilette, natural spray, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.) 076645V "Rouge-Hermès" eau de toilette, natural spray, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.) 076645V "Rouge-Hermès" eau de toilette, natural spray, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.) 076645V "Rouge-Hermès" eau de toilette, natural spray, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.)

## Page 81

006415P "Order" line, serving spoon in silver-plated stainless steel 138788CC 13 "Beltingot" PM handbag in orange 10" by 14" by 10" "Lorraine" handbag in brick red and orange box callisk 138788CC 13

## Page 80

758583/06 Heavy silk tie in raspberry/ruchais/pink 038189/86 "H" figured silk tie in "Luchais" 006047/22 Printed silk tie in brown/luchais 138788CC 13 "Beltingot" PM handbag in orange 10" by 14" by 10" "Lorraine" handbag in brick red and orange box callisk 138788CC 13

## Page 79





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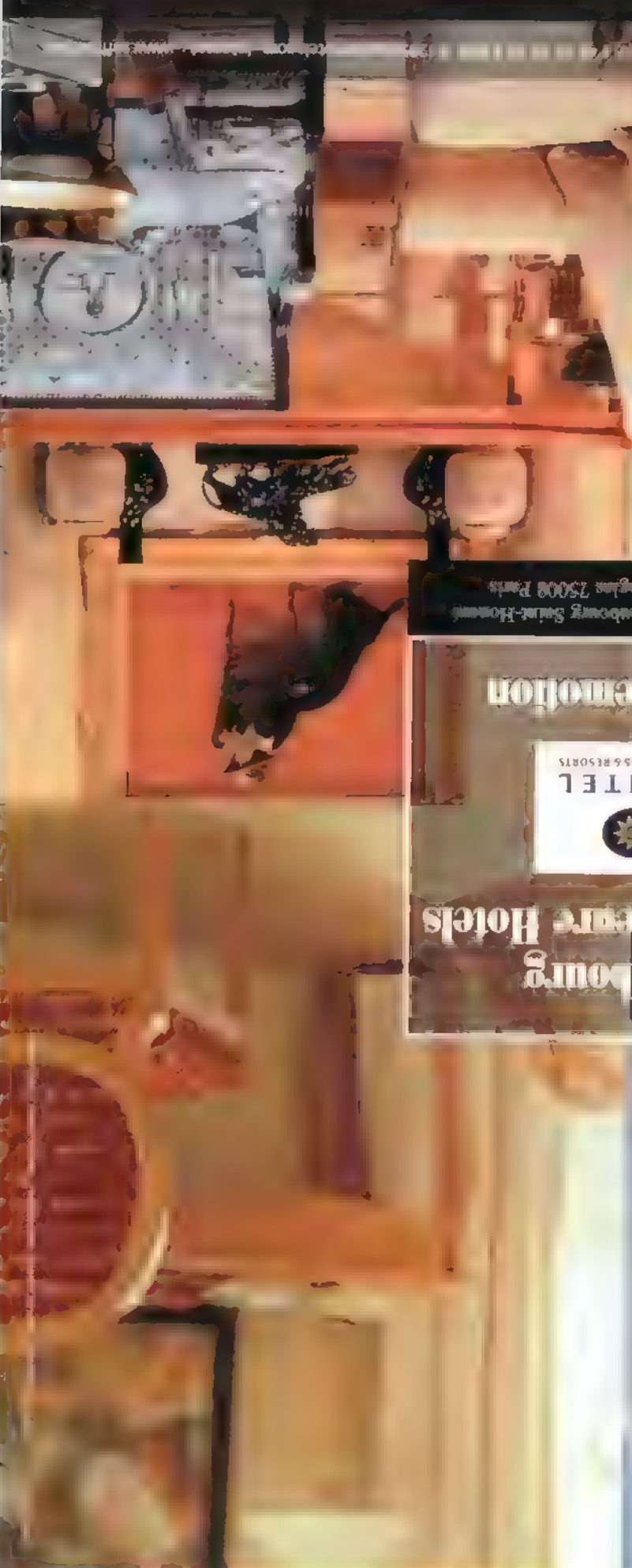
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